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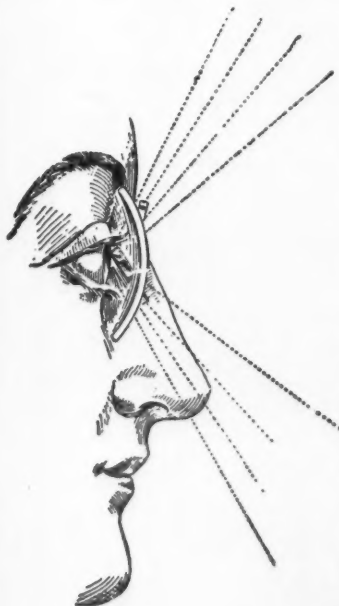
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ST. LOUIS

The Mirror

VOL. XVI.—No. 22

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CHARITY, GREED'S ALMONER

A Suggestion From the Beneficences of Alfred Beit and Russell Sage.

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Straight Talk on the Lid

By W. M. R.

THE "lid" appears to be on everywhere but in Cincinnati and Milwaukee. And at that, such an inducement doesn't attract the best class of citizens. It looks as if the people are resigned to the "lid" as a sort of stop gap measure against Prohibition. The liquor interests have but to look to the conditions in every great State, and they will observe the "lid" clamping down on all sides. This wouldn't be the case if the people didn't want it. How long the people will want the "lid" is another question, but while they do want it, any interest that "bucks" against the popular whim will get "worse and more of it." The liquor interest isn't any too popular when the people are in the most liberal or tolerant mood. It had better not get too gay when the people are set on checking the liquor business to a slight extent. If the people take it into their noddles to go to extremes the consequences may be disastrous, as the courts have decided that brewery and distillery properties may be wiped out under the laws without any compensation whatever. We city people may not and do not like the lid or any form of "blue law" however mild, but we haven't much say on the subject when Mr. Farmer gets mad and votes on the liquor question with his eye filled with the abomination which the saloon becomes in a country town. The MIRROR doesn't believe in the lid, but it believes that unless the brewers and distillers and related interests accept the affliction with better grace than has characterized their conduct heretofore, there may be an outbreak of drastic legislation, State and National, that will put the alcoholic interests all to the bad financially. From every State, even from Kentucky, comes the same news of repression upon the liquor traffic. It has come without apparent deep agitation. It has come through a latent impression that the liquor traffic has had too much sway in politics, and as politics is generally corrupt, and as politics must be reformed, a quick way to reformation may be found through suppressing the supremacy of the saloon interest in politics. The saloon interest is pretty big, but compared with the general interest, it is nothing. If it fights it will be only smashed the harder. Therefore the liquor interest had better lay low. They can't even depend upon the support at the polls of all the people who drink liquor. They have the antipathy of nine women out of ten all over the land. They have the opposition of all the churches, and of the great business corporations whose managers are more and more determined to "cut out" the drinking man in their employ. The drinking of the future will be done mostly in the home. The saloon is losing its hold. The corner grocer is sending the "case goods" into the homes. This will make for temperance, for moderate drinking. To this changed condition the liquor interests must adjust themselves. Saloons will be fewer. They will be placed under more rigid restrictions. There may be reactions of relaxation, but always the tendency will be against reversion to the saloon as the resort it was twenty, ten years ago. If there shall be relaxation of regulation at times, the reaction against that will only tighten the rules in the long run. Until liquor selling is regarded as a legitimate business, and not a privilege—and the drift is not in that direction—we may expect in this country to see saloons brought more and more under legal as well as social ban. A Sunday "lid" is uncomfortable, but it is better than Prohibition with its manu-

facture of sneaks and hypocrites and the hiding of the drink evil in such fashion as to foster its festering in secrecy. The MIRROR will take a little lid o' Sundays rather than invite a plague of Prohibition with bad barbed-wire-juice booze in noisome blind tigers and a whole horde of spies and a curse of the graft which always flourishes when lawless liquor selling gives such big profits as to justify handing over chunks to those who blink the law-breaking.

The Judiciary Superstition

By W. M. R.

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME may be the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, but he won't win by attacking the President for criticising Federal Judge Humphreys and his "immunity bath" decision. It is not *lese majeste* to criticise the courts, when the courts make law conflict with simple justice and common sense. Courts are as legitimate objects of criticism as any other of our institutions. If we want the courts to be worse than they are, all we need do is clothe them in a sanctity that will silence criticism. We have come close to that in the past. Lawyers have always told us how sacred the courts are. The bench is filled from the ranks of lawyers. We have only recently found out that the tradition of the lawyers' turpitude is too well founded on fact. Judges chosen from lawyers carry some lawyers' qualities to the bench. Once on the bench, judges have lingering sympathies with their former associates, chief of which is an opinion that the rest of the world knows nothing about anything. They unite in a lot of flummery and flubdub to make the law a mystery. Judges are human, and fallible. No one says such things about the venality of judges as lawyers say. Every lawyer can tell you who and what influences this or that judge. All through the profession it is recognized as good policy to get a lawyer in a case who has a pull with a judge. A lawyer who has been the office partner of a man now a judge is always brought into a big case by any lawyer who has such a case before that judge. Political lawyers, lawyers who have political place and power are paid, on the advice of other lawyers, just to show up in appellate courts on hearing-day. Judges do throw their influence and special commissionerships to their political and personal friends. Judges do loaf and lounge with railroad officials in private cars. Judges do borrow money from financiers who have cases in their courts. Judges do succumb to social attentions to their wives. Judges do give decisions to win popularity and gain re-election. Judges are "seen" deftly and delicately at their homes by personal friends about cases before them in their courts. Judges are partisans. Judges are sympathetic to the corporations. Other judges are sympathetic to the mob. Judges do color their decisions with their prejudices and interests. Therefore, his Cigaretteship, William Travers Jerome, is loquating through his lid when he maunders about the sin of criticising the judiciary for its decisions. If the judiciary hadn't been criticised and denounced for its decision in the Dred Scott case we had surely not had any abolition of slavery. If the judiciary is not to be criticised what check is there upon the judiciary? If the judiciary is to be defended by lawyers whose business it is to deceive or wheedle the judiciary, by men who are paid to make the worse appear the better cause, then the judiciary needs not less, but more, lay criticism. There is no sanctity in a judge as judge, if his decisions don't stand the test of common sense. Mr. Jerome would muzzle the press as to comment upon the doddering imbecili-

ties of the veriest *Dogberry*. The courts are not above the people. The courts are creatures of the people. The courts are not above the laws. The courts have to register the common sense of the people, and the chiefest best thing that can be said of our higher courts is that however they may quibble and quirk and wabble on issues at first, they finally come around to accord with popular opinion. And the best thing about our highest court in the land is the occasional sign it gives that it is gradually emerging from the shadow cast upon it by the great John Marshall, who fastened our plutocracy upon us in the celebrated Dartmouth College case, and bound us to submission to every grabber and grafter who could, by deceit or purchase, obtain a franchise or a charter.

Reflections

Russia's Agony

REVOLUTION is "on" in Russia, and the end will be Republicanism. Not immediately, perhaps, but ultimately. There may be many things between—a Terror, a Constitutional Monarchy, a Directory. The Czar has insulted the people in dispersing the Duma. The Duma in Finland defies the Czar. The autocracy leans for support on a corrupt bureaucracy and nobility, a seditious army, a mutinous navy. Throughout the Empire the intellectuals plot and the peasants revolt, and the owners of estates are fleeing the country. Nicholas seems in danger of a fate similar to that of Charles I. and Louis XVI. At the borders of the land stand Germany and Austria ready with troops, it is said, to aid the Czar to crush his own people. Similarly an Alliance marched on France under the Committee of Public Safety. The response was that France, all torn as she was, rushed together and became a Nation, the Bourbon and the Austrian woman went to the block, and Europe ceased not to suffer for the intervention until the rain came down at Waterloo. Revolutions never go backward. Russia will be free, even so as by blood and fire. The long agony of the people will culminate in one last anguish in which the oppressor will share, and if the other powers intervene, Napoleon's prophecy may be doubly fulfilled, and Europe be all Cossack and all Republican.

TO SNUB Folk is more important to Missouri Democratic ringsters than to honor Bryan. It shows the mental size of the Missourians.

THE President's word should be good enough for anybody. He says he won't run again under any circumstances. That settles it.

Revolt Against Don Porfi

RUMORS of a revolution in Mexico. Why not? "Don Porfi" is a crassly wealthy tyrant. He has grown great by catering to Yankee exploiters of his country. His "graft" has been equalled only by that of Leopold of Belgium in the Congo. Don Porfi has ruled Mexico with the aid of American corporation money. His system tended to make peonage permanent and to expand its area of operation. Diaz has played off the foreign capitalists against the church, but now the people are beginning to see the capitalist as worse than the corrupt church. Possibly, too, the big interests are getting tired of being bled. They have made not a few kicks recently against Diaz. This has made the dictator take up an attitude of favor to the people. He insists that the interests and the church have joined forces

against him, but the revolutionary agenda has insisted that Diaz is only for Diaz, against capitalism, church and people. The people want nothing but freedom. They want the land free. Their land is being grabbed on every side. The land that was taken from the church is being gobbled by the capitalists. No wonder there is a terrific antipathy to the "Gringos," or Americans. The latter are out for everything, mines, plantations, lumber lands, rights-of-way. They are robbing the people of the land that is their inheritance. They pay the people nothing. What they have paid Diaz and his clique will never be known. But they have driven the peons—the most patient, servile people in the world—to strike. The oppression, beginning with land-robbery, has bred revolution. The land grabber, the church grafters, the concessionaire are making common cause for the further enslavement of the people, and they rejoice when they can send to the United States news of uprisings against Americans. They want intervention. Diaz is caught between the peons and the concessionaires. The grabbers he has made great are now trying to oust him. The land is the issue. The grabbing of the land has been the basis of the tyranny against which the people rise. Diaz has angered the land grabbers by trying to tax their unimproved lands. Don Porfi is endangered by the very people he has made strong. If he should be destroyed it would be no more than he deserves. He turns to the people when it is too late. He should have confirmed them in their inheritance of the earth when the church was dispossessed, instead of giving over the land and the fruits thereof to Yankee speculators. The trouble in Mexico is the universal trouble. The men who have usurped the ownership of the land are asserting ownership of the people upon it. There is no salvation for Mexico outside of acceptance of the doctrine of Henry George—"the land for all the people."

PRAYER by "Sec." Taft: "O, that this, too, too solid South would melt!"

CANNON is a whole masked battery in the engagement of forces in the fight for the Republican Presidential nomination. When he opens up there will be a scatterment. The old Hanna element, or so much of it as may be left, will be found working the gun. Certain interests pinched in the pure food legislation, railroad rate regulation and other matters might easily find a way to supply the ammunition.

A Lift for Labor.

THE eight-hour day will prevail hereafter among laborers on all government work. Why should not such a regulation be made? A day's work needed legal determination as to its length. The government order will fix the duration at eight hours. On this basis the laborer and the employer can engage in free contract. Without such basis the laborer was not free to contract, but coerced by his necessities and cramped by the fact that he had to take the work from the man who had it to give, on the givers' own terms. All this talk of freedom of contract for the laborer has been bosh. There was no such thing. He had to take work as it was offered, or leave it. The contract was always one-sided. The employer made the terms. Labor gets only what it fights for. It will have freedom of contract only when it is strong enough to force the employer to recognize its demands. When Labor can force the employer as the employer can force Labor then there will be an

equity between them. This recognition of the eight-hour day on government work establishes the hour standard for all other work. And for this Labor has no one to thank but Theodore Roosevelt, for Roosevelt has promulgated the order after a big contractors' lobby had defeated a bill in Congress designed to fix and legalize those hours. The Industrial Alliance may howl. Labor—be it said again and again—is entitled to all it can get, and it gets nothing it doesn't fight for. It is within its rights in using its political influence to shorten hours and increase pay, just as employers are within their rights in using their political influence to aid them in keeping down production or securing a price bonus through a protective tariff. Labor will get more and more of its rights when it learns its power to enforce them. Labor was before capital, and once let Labor cohere as Capital does, and Labor will dictate its own terms of employment, subject only to the law of supply and demand, and to the human laws which check any power when it infringes on any rights. Theodore Roosevelt has helped Labor. It is up to Labor now that it shall practice moderation. If it doesn't, Labor will come a crupper, just as Capital has in certain instances wherein its power was exercised beyond bounds of right.

"Is suicide ever justifiable?" is a question often asked. If one Augustus Hartje, of Pittsburg, were to blow out his brains he would do a most becoming thing, from whatever point of view the action might be contemplated.

HARRY B. HAWES is to receive Bryan. Harry will entertain Mr. Bryan by telling him how he smashed the Nebraskan's picture at the Jefferson Club as a dead one the night Rolla Wells was first counted in as Mayor of St. Louis.

Hubbard and Carlyle

NINETEEN people have written me to say that Thomas Carlyle, not Elbert Hubbard, said "Blessed is the man who has found his work." Curious what a knack had all those "dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns" of plagiarizing from the Sage of East Aurora in anticipation of his coming. And yet, who will dare say that the phrase in point is not more Hubbard's than Carlyle's. The dour Scotsman never made as good use of it as Hubbard has made of it—for Hubbard most and first, but incidentally for the illumination of the half-baked. Carlyle never coined his gospel into cash as Fra Elbertus has. This phrase has been Hubbard's tool in the carving out of a fame and a fortune for himself. He has made it his own by his superior use of it. Carlyle is played out anyhow. He'd never have amounted to anything but for his indigestion, and he'd never have had indigestion if he could have invented such a cuisine as prevails at the *Philistine* phalanstery at East Aurora. Elbert Hubbard seized that phrase and made it the primal element in a breakfast food art and literature movement that has saved the country from Carlylean meggrims. That phrase is as much Hubbard's as is any other of his immortal phrases. Some one will soon be saying that Hubbard didn't invent the apothegm: "Be kind." Didn't Hubbard discover Carlyle and William Morris and John Ruskin to the multitude? Of course he did. What and who were Gutenberg, Elzevir, Alden, Caxton, all the great printers and book-makers but earlier *avatars* of Hubbard? Hasn't Hubbard re-written the story of Christ in

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"The Man of Sorrows" in a way to improve on Matthew, Mark, Luke and John? Hasn't he made his own all the biography, philosophy, criticism and poetry of the past, in his "Little Journeys?" He takes his own wherever he find it. He is the heir of the ages, the residuary legatee of all fulfilled renown. I say that we owe him unbounded gratitude for the great service he has done modern literature in the abolition of quotation marks. He has absorbed all the Masters, even as Shakespeare absorbed Boccaccio, Holinshed, Plutarch, Lodge and others in his plays. Nothing he touches that doth not suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange, yet his own. We say that Hubbard is the sum and sublimation of all that has gone before him in thought, in letters. Any phrase or idea he uses is his, *ipso facto*. Thomas Carlyle may have said, "Blessed is the man who has found his work," but millions of people said "Good morning" before Pear's Soap gave it its immortal significance. Go to, ye critics! Hubbard is Hubbard, the universal absorbent, and the universal solvent. He is the first of the modern encyclopædists. He is the one, far-off, divine event to which all literary creation before and during his time has moved. He is the sun in which mere pigmy men delight to find spots. Hubbard plagiarize? Not so. He is the author of all things that other men have thought. In time to be all literary reputations will live in his works only as the fragments of the supreme songs of Sappho live in the dry-as-dust chronicles of the grammarians and commentators of the classical decadence. We confess that since we heard and saw Hubbard we have not thought of Carlyle or Herbert Spencer, or Thackeray or George Eliot, or any of the great Victorians. For us Hubbard is all sufficient. He is the modern Great Cham of Literature. He is the Angelic Doctor of the churchless world. He is the Plato and the Aristotle, too, of the summer schools of philosophy. He is the Pope of this period of protest. He is the Herbert Spencer of hot-stuff thinking. And we like him because he is "onto himself," which means that he is "onto us" as well. He is "onto his job," and that is the acme of ontology in these days. Blessed is the man who is "onto his job." That's Hubbard. There's only one other in our midst. That's Roosevelt. Hoo-ray for Hubbard!

♦♦

THE Democratic ring is riding Bryan hard in Missouri, and they have stolen a march on Gov. Folk. But it's a rogue's march, at that.

♦♦

Bucket Shopping

THE bucket shops not only rob the fool speculators who play in them. They do it by means of stolen quotations. The bucket shoppers are a lawless gang, but powerful. They can even seduce a man from the honor of a supreme judgeship to take the large money they pay an attorney that knows how to go, and will go the legal route in their defense. The bucket shop game is the resort of all the get-rich-quick operators, confidence men, sure thing spielers and miscellaneous grafters whose swindling activities have been checked in other fields. The people who play the bucket shop game are trimmed by a hundred devices whereby the operators escape payment of any winnings they do not care to pay over to the successful guessers. The bucket shoppers have a revenue producing scheme that beats all hollow the schemes of E. J. Arnold or Baldy Ryan. They were semi-respectable until quite recently, when the Federal courts ruled them out on every claim

they made to being engaged in legitimate business or speculation. It is time to smash the bucket shops and jail some of their more brazen and insolent keepers.

♦♦

WHAT a big man his foes make Folk. They're afraid even to let him size up alongside of Bryan on the same platform.

♦♦

Cummins

WAIT until we hear the final full news from Iowa. That man Cummins is apt to change the whole plan of the coming Congressional campaign, to say nothing of what a twist he may give to the maneuvering for the next Republican nomination for President. Cummins winning, after La Follette, will make the party managers less certain about standing pat. Iowa and Wisconsin are States the party can't afford to lose. If Cummins has really beaten the Rock Island railroad, as now seems probable, he may look like the man to nominate, two years hence, to beat all the railroads and trusts and Standard Oil.

♦♦♦

The Lure

By T.

I'VE heard again the locust's song,
Beginning faint, then rising strong
And setting all the air a-thrill
To its insistent-piping shrill;
The first this summer! From a tree
Across the way he called to me—
The call of summer, clear and strong:
I've heard again the locust's song.

Away with books! I will no more
Their dreary, dusty pages pore.
Far in some cool, sequestered nook,
On grassy bank of crooning brook,
Through green embowering canopies
Disported by the wanton breeze
I'll watch across the azure sky
Dream-laden cloud flotillas ply.

Or by some mountain lakelet's verge
Where, imitating ocean's surge,
With Lilliputian mimic charge
Wee plashy wavelets lap the marge
And roll wee pebbles in their shock
As ocean grinds his rugged rock—
I'll lie beside the water's edge
And list the lispings of the sedge.

Lone wandering the winding ways,
Through pasture land where kine at graze
Crop close ripe grasses lush and cool
Or rest knee deep in shallow pool,
I'll wade the daisies' golden sea
And watch the constant questing bee
A-cruise, bold buccaneering rover,
For precious plunder of the clover

I've heard the locust's song to-day—
The summer's first! It seemed to say:
"The crooning brook, the lakelet blue,
The fields and woodland wait for you.
Why linger in the city, fool,
When country lanes are near—and cool?"
I've heard the locust's song to-day,
A luring lilt—I will away!

From the New York Sun.

ALFRED BEIT! Russell Sage! Well, Beit, at least, could "think imperially" and warm up to big, if bad things, like the Jamieson raid. Beit loved South Africa and dreamed of a great future for her. But Sage was only a miser all his days, and dies unlamented even by his associates in Wall street. Whatever disposition he may have made of his money, it cannot atone for the barrenness of his life. He leaves no successor but Hetty Green.

♦♦

MOST of the Missouri delegation was saved for the great occasion of Bryan's home coming, either by the statute of limitations or by standing on their constitutional rights.

♦♦

A Water Job

DAVE FRANCIS went, at the drop of a hat, to Europe. To escape certifying as to the job whereby he and his associates in the West St. Louis Water Company have been inducing the city to shut off the water it has been serving to people in the county, and forcing them to take a vile county water at a higher price? The Francis crowd has a snap, but it wouldn't, if it were not for that crowd's control at the City Hall. Later, when the county towns are annexed to the city, the Francis company will have a bum, crippled water-works to sell to the city. If the parties who are fighting for their right to city water will stick to their guns they will uncover a pretty ring in this business, in which St. Louis city officials are financially interested. It is a dirty, small job, at best. But that's the Francis dimension.

♦♦

WHEN that deputation to meet Mr. Bryan is finally made up, its proper designation may be "the Deception Committee."

♦♦

Wanted: A Telegram

IT's in order now for some one to print the dispatch Mr. Bryan sent to Mr. Robert M. Yost when that gentleman wanted a word from the Nebraskan in support of Mr. Hawes' candidacy for Governor in 1904. Wasn't it something to the effect that of all the candidates Mr. Hawes was the one who should be defeated at all hazards? And now Mr. Hawes is in New York trying to keep Folk from being given any prominence in the programme for Mr. Bryan's reception.

♦♦

THERE'S said to be a chorus girl famine in New York. A frost has come to blight the crop after the too sudden Thaw. But we live in hope that the announcement is only a variation of the annual canard that "the peach crop is ruined."

♦♦

The City Printing

THE Republic didn't get the city printing contract The Globe-Democrat underbid "Old 1808." But why do daily papers take city advertising at less than half the rate per line they charge the individual or private corporation advertiser? The Post-Dispatch quoted the city a rate such as they would quote any big store keeper. This is fair and square business. The city can afford to pay the regular rate. There is no reason why it should pay less than Nugent's or the Grand Leader or Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney or Scarritt-Comstock & Co., or any other business concern. It seems to the MIRROR that newspaper rebating to the city is unfair to other patrons of the papers. And it seems that the city authorities are guilty of breach of trust when they sign contracts for advertising at six cents a line when they had bids at 1¾ cents per line from a paper which certainly had all the circulation that was required

for the dissemination of the news and needs of the city offices. The city pays the *Globe-Democrat* 4¼ cents per line more than the *World* asked for the same work, solely because Rolla Wells and his gang at the City Hall don't like Col. Ed. Butler, who is supposed to be the backer of the *World*. Of course it was thought that the *Republic* would underbid the *Globe-Democrat*, as it had done in the first letting, but the *Globe-Democrat* fooled the "fixers" by dropping its price. And isn't it terrible that the printing should go to the paper that pictures the Mayor as a crawfish with the motto, "To the Front?" Poor old *Republic*!

♦♦

SENATOR LYONS, of Kansas City, ought to go along with Sam Cook to see that he isn't double-crossed at the Bryan reception. One good turn deserves another.

♦♦

SARA BERNHARDT is again denied the cross of the Legion of Honor. Well, it is not needed to confirm Sara in her immortality. And, furthermore, Sara has enough pride of race to rejoice that she was shelved to make way for Dreyfus. A decoration for suffering nobly endured is one which honors in Dreyfus his whole tribe for its typical achievement as a race.

♦♦

Congressman Hunt

A FINE place for Labor to show its political strength is in the Eleventh Missouri Congressional District. John T. Hunt, who is to run there as an independent candidate, is a real laboring man. He is a stonemason. The Democratic nominee, a nice enough young man personally, was put up by the committee under circumstances indicating a strong Hawes-Cella race track and bucket-shop drive. The people of the district, so far as they have ever been heard from, have never declared themselves for any one but Hunt. He has been a diligent member of Congress in the past. He has been on the right side of the voting on every question. There is no reason why he should have been turned down. He should be supported by all believers in the policies supposed to be represented by Union Labor, and by all other persons who hold Democratic principles, but do not believe that a machine committee should govern nominations.

♦♦

WANTED: A real man, a Democrat, not a United Railways, bucket shop, race track tool, to run for Congress in the Twelfth District. Such a man can be elected on the square.

♦♦

CIRCUIT ATTORNEY SAGER is after the ice trust and the bucket shops. The *Post-Dispatch* comments upon his work with ironic innuendo as to the official's method. Mr. Sager, like all other men of intelligence, probably knows his own business better than outsiders can tell it to him. He is, at least, entitled to try to do what he has set out to do in his own way. There is no fairness in prejudging an official before his method in given cases has had a trial. Mr. Sager will get the ice trust and the bucket shops if he can. When he has shown that he can't, it will be time enough to criticise him.

♦♦

Hiram Golf's Religion

A LITTLE book now in its thirteenth year of vogue as a gift-volume from earnest people to those whose souls they would save has been sent to the editor of the MIRROR. It is called "Hiram Golf's Religion." The author is, Rev. George H. Hepworth. It is *eau sucrée*, and wholly unobjectionable as a literary performance, for its simplicity of style is commendable. But it is

utterest balderdash. It's the sort of religious "dope" that the subsidized pulpit has been injecting into us for years. It sets one off dreaming of a Heaven over yonder, dreaming so he will forget the rights he is being robbed of, here and now, by the people who support that kind of religion, vicariously, all the while they are "getting the mon." It's the sort of stuff that seems exactly calculated to throw the common man into a trance in which he shan't notice that the things which are his and all the public's are being gobbled up by the smart fellow who favors religion as an instrumentality for "keeping the masses in order." It's the sort of flub-dub that is peddled out by the Rockefellers, *pere et fils*, to their Sunday-school classes. The book (published by E. P. Dutton) is fully as nauseating in its slobberiness as "The Sphinx's Lawyer," by Frank Danby, that gives one the corrupt savor of the society which excuses its fecalities by the accident that one man of genius, Oscar Wilde, arose out of it only to sink back into it. This thing of generating a spiritual drunkenness is no more commendable than the cultivation of a sensual drunkenness. Rev. Mr. Hepworth's sermon-story is twaddle. It is predicated on a falsity. It doesn't touch the problem of life at all. It inculcates a doctrine dear to the "hupper suckles"—that the lower orders should be content with their lot, and accept the lordship of the successful over them. *Hiram Golf* is, of course, as a rapt one, a sort of modern Jacob Boehme, not a shoemaker at all, but an exalted mystic, masquerading as a shoemaker. The doctrine of the book is the sort of quietism that makes for utter submission to the will of God—as some one who knows no more of that will than we

know, tells us. It's the sort of religion that has been ladled out from time immemorial from the English castle or manor to the people of the property, the tract-stuff that goes with cold victuals and second-hand clothes. *Hiram Golf* is sure that whatever is right, and that Heaven is a very material state which is to atone for all that has been wrong here. If the world had rested content with that sort of faith we should have had little of the good works that have ameliorated man's state in this world—good works mostly from those in revolt against that sort of religion. Mr. Hepworth's idea is that of the Catholic theologians who reply when one points to the backwardness of Italy and Spain and other Catholic countries that progressiveness doesn't mean happiness—a rank *petitio principii*. The man of progress is not necessarily unhappy, and men who may be happy on this earth are not necessarily unfitted for happiness in another sphere. The doctrine that a man shall work solely with his eyes on heaven is a pretty bit of evangelism, but it doesn't fit the case of the man in the pit who takes much of the hell about him into his own heart to fill the gap left by vanished hope of betterment. Mr. Hepworth's is a charming idyl, until you take it into the light and inspect it. It is like Wagner's "Simple Life"—trite. It is hypothetically true. But actually it is not truth. Men should live and work for the love and by the grace of God, in a contentment of the spirit, yes. But there would be no possibility of such life and work did not other men get out and smash things, and overturn conventions and blow things up and strive in rage for the destruction of evils laid heavy on all men's backs by the engrossers

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SOLID Gold—Open face Watch, hand carved—rose gold finish; set with brilliant diamond; fitted with our full jeweled guaranteed movement.

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MERMOD, JACCARD & KING, BROADWAY, COR. LOCUST

A good shirt may cost \$2.50—If ruined in four washings it is an expensive shirt.

If laundered by the Excelsior method, it will last long enough to have been a cheap shirt.

EXCELSIOR LAUNDRY

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Grand and Bell

of the many's work. A plenitude of *Hiram Golfs* means more Rockefellers and Carnegies, profuse in cant, but grabbing with both hands all that the *Golfs* might ignore while lifting eyes to the skies in hope of seeing the paraclete descending. I am not sure that the horribly depressing "Sphinx's Lawyer," with its photographic depiction of the queen of the Oscar Wilde set, with its lusciously sympathetic, even morbid study of hedonism complicated with morphine, with its fascinating portrayal of the lascivious subtlety of Errington Welch-Kennard's seduction of *Lilian du Gore*, with its maudlin susceptibility to the appeal of pain and its wavering tolerance of sin raised to a high art, and its inconclusive, because violently inconsequent and illogical, triumph of virtue in the fooling of two women by one man on the strength of the inability of the goodness of the women to apprehend the evil of the man. I am not sure that all this is as really unreal as the idyllic sermonizing of "Hiram Golf's Religion." This book of Rev. Mr. Hepworth's is just the sort of stuff that will be recommended to the poor of the parish by all pastors who dare not tackle any modern evils in their pulpits, because they have so many rich parishioners who may have been in with the insurance syndicates, or have stock in plants in Packington, or crush their small competitors in business by taking rebates from the railroads, or draw revenues from noisome tenements, or hold shares and bonds in properties built upon franchises secured by boodle disbursements to aldermen. It's excellent lollipop. It's infant food, doped with paregoric. It won't do for men who think and see. We want some heaven here and now.

♦♦

MARK you, Senator Stone a-coming, "bringing rebellion broached upon his word," as Essex did from Ireland. But Essex went to the block at Elizabeth's orders, and thither Stone will go at the order of the ring he has so obsequiously served.

♦♦

How about trying the Judge O'Neill Ryan law against the Ice Trust? Let the people who have been taking ice refuse to pay their bills. If there is an Ice Trust the same cannot collect its bills by process of law. We used to be able to do without so much ice as we now consume in summer, and we came through some pretty hot summers in the sixties and seventies. A general holding up of ice bills might produce some effect, if we were willing to do without ice for a week or ten days.

♦♦♦

A Local Ghetto-Hell

By Montefiore Bienenstok

THE head ache which drove me into the country, where grass and trees and open space are more than mere names, has left me; but the heartache over what I saw in the St. Louis ghetto last Saturday morning, hardened though I am to sights of want and woe, is still, and will remain for some time, oppressively with me. When I think of it I shudder. I tell you, the St. Louis ghetto is vile. A Gorky could not do justice in words to its degradation; it must be seen to be realized.

At the instance of Miss Kate Bernard, of Oklahoma, visiting here in the interest of the new Statehood (trying to pick out the best and the worst in the great cities, for guidance as to what to follow and what to avoid in the social conditions in the new state), we went through the entire ghetto district, starting from the Jewish Charities Building on Ninth and Carr streets. Before we had gone far Miss Barnard told me she had never dreamed of anything so fearful.

"Where are the *civilized* rich that they permit such people to live like swine at their very feet, to breed disease throughout the entire city?" asked Miss Bernard.

"Perhaps in Atlantic City," I answered.

And the papers are full of the cry, "A million population." My idea is not that we have a million people, but first that those already here should live like human beings and not like brutes, or worse. But let me try to picture some of it.

The block between Ninth and Tenth, and Carr and Biddle streets—an example of many ghetto blocks—is pestiferously foul. Many a charity worker, looking from the back windows of the Jewish Charities building, seeing the desolate roofs, the crowded yards, the wash obstructing what little space there may otherwise be, the ladder-like stairways, and all the other concomitants of a human hive, little know what is beneath those roofs, nor do they think

of the festering garbage in the yards, and what may finally result to a great city in the way of disease from such conditions. Finally result, did I say? What is resulting every day, and spreading insidiously like sipe-water from a levee into a town, out into the very suburbs of this splendid city. This is no calamity howl, but a plain statement of facts, facts that statistics may not palpably prove, but facts, nevertheless.

But come with Miss Bernard and me and see something for yourself. There is a private stable in the middle of the block on Ninth street, and horses and humans—some of them children, think of it!—live huddled in close proximity, the odor of manure making the entire atmosphere fetid, to say nothing of the effluvia of the garbage and other dirt.

"Why doesn't the Jewish Charities take up this matter?" The answer is simple. Even though Zangwill calls Judaism, "sanctified sociology," the

Cool, Dainty White Waists for Hot Days

A Happy Combination of Comfort and Beauty

WE have devoted considerable space to our Waist Sale during the last two weeks—but it is well worth it.

That is the general opinion—women who buy the waists express themselves enthusiastically in regard to the bargains secured.

This "after satisfaction" is particularly pleasing because we certainly made the greatest price concessions of the season for this sale.

While the supply is not nearly exhausted, it is naturally being greatly diminished every day.

However, please remember that the last waist sold on the last day will be as attractive in quality and price as the first one.

There is not an undesirable waist in the assortment.

\$1.25 Waists for 75c.

Fine White Lawn; open front; trimmed with wide side plaits; long sleeves; deep tucked cuffs.

\$1.50 Waists for 95c.

Two very neat styles; one trimmed with fine tucks, elbow sleeves, the other trimmed with insertings of lace and tucks; long sleeves.

\$2.00 Waists for \$1.25.

Fine White Lawn; yoke trimmed with inserting of Val. lace and fine tucks; long sleeves.

\$4.50 Waists for \$2.50.

Lawn and Batiste; embroidery and lace trimmed; button back, long and short sleeves; all sizes.

\$6.00 Waists for \$3.00.

Linen and Batiste; some hand-embroidered; button back, long and short sleeves.

\$7.00 Waists for \$3.50.

Linen and Batiste; elaborately trimmed with lace; long and short sleeves, button back; all sizes.

\$2.50 Waists for \$1.45.

White Dotted Swiss, Mull and Lawn, lace trimmed and with embroidery panels; six styles.

\$2.75 Waists for \$1.75.

White Lawn; V yoke of Val.; five clusters of tucks below yoke; button back; short sleeves.

\$3.50 Waists for \$2.00.

White Lawn, Batiste, India Linon and Linen; some hand-embroidered; button back, with Val. and Irish laces.

\$7.00 Waists for \$4.00.

Batiste; some trimmed with hand-embroidery, others with Irish and Val. laces; button back.

Scruggs - Vandervoort - Barney
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OLIVE-BROADWAY-LOCUST.

Jewish charity workers cannot go into the problems of sanitation, of ventilation and of sewerage, when every moment of all its workers is taken for other matters. The Jewish Charities does much for relief of the poor and distressed; it helps the people of the district educationally, with lectures, entertainments, etc.; but it takes the entire municipality to handle the ghetto problem as we have it to-day in St. Louis.

But some, and especially those from New York—who don't know what they're talking about—will say, "Pshaw! you have no ghetto out in St. Louis." What an egregious error! A New York charity worker who went through our ghetto a year ago told me that there was filth, squalor and misery in the St. Louis ghetto that rivalled anything in New York. But it seems that St. Louisans are silent, or poo-poo this menace. Last April, in an article on "The St. Louis Ghetto," written for *Jewish Charity*, a New York journal devoted to philanthropy, I said something to the effect that on every side in the ghetto there was a squalor, filth and misery that sooner or later would degrade the entire St. Louis. What happened? Rabbi Spitz of the *Jewish Voice* editorially told me "to mind my own business," or words to that effect. Mr. Rosenthal of the *Modern View*, told me I was an alarmist, and those who only saw the outside of conditions from the streets—which much belie the corrupt interiors,—told me I was a pessimist or what not. Then I started a crusade through the *Modern View* for model tenements, but nothing tangible came of it. A gentleman told me that such conditions must be expected in every large city, and when Mr. Seman, Superintendent of the Jewish Educational Alliance, who recently came from New York, expressed his disgust and surprise at the awfulness of our ghetto in the *Star-Chronicle*, he was attacked by the Jewish press, and by a number of Jewish citizens as well, as being "too forward," and a "knocker." Nevertheless, he knew whereof he spoke. But continue on the journey with Miss Bernard and me.

On the southeast corner of Tenth and Biddle streets there are a lot of ramshackle buildings wherein negroes, Italians, and a conglomeration of other nationalities live. The rent is abominably high, from \$3 to \$6 apiece for small rooms, and the entire half block from the corner to the alley on Biddle street, is unsanitary, unsightly, and unventilated. In one room, about 12x14, there are eight cots, on which as many men sleep during the day, and as many again at night. The room fronts the street with store doors between, only the top panes of which are open to admit air and light. Flies, mosquitoes and vermin harvest here. We wiped the thick dust from one of the lower panes and peeped through. Men with matted hair and beards, one with his head tied in a bandanna handkerchief, lay stretched on the dirtiest cots I ever saw. Then on the second landing there are some negroes, who really live better than the Italian whites. The stairway leading to the second floor down to Tenth street has been condemned, and the city will not permit its being propped, as it abuts the street, and must come down.

Miss Bernard is right. It is horrible, and the wealthier classes owe it to themselves not to permit such crowding and misery. On the stairs going up, in a sort of a pitch black alcove, is the garbage. Then there are masses of it in other places. The Jews are all gradually moving westward. But many of them must remain in these hell-holes; poverty grinds them on the rack. Perhaps because of this westward movement of the Jews, the charity workers do not get into these stenchy sinks and sewers, the dwelling places, the homes (God save the mark) of human beings.

Some time ago the Civic Federation started a crusade for better ghetto conditions. I went on one or two tours of inspection with Misses Siegel and Niedlet, appointed to do the work; but while these ladies



SWELL THINGS.

Lest We Forget

WE USE CAMP JACKSON
SPRING WATER.**Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry,**

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3126 and 3128 OLIVE STREET.

Not in a Trust.

The Slowest Laundry

WHY we have **NO AGENTS** is because the most linen brought to **AGENTS** is so **DIRTY** that we would not handle them with such garments as we launder. We only take work from private individuals who live at their homes or in hotels or clubs. Such linen is **NEVER** dirty, but slightly soiled or mussed. **AGENCY** linen is usually worn by people who must make two or three garments last them a whole week. The **SLOWNESS** of our laundry makes it not useful for any one who has not linen enough to last more than a **WEEK**.

came here regularly for awhile, they had to give up, "for lack of funds" to carry on the work, as I understand it. Our Jewish Charity Workers, have never organized a systematic inspection of the district, though individual cases have received attention, and some homes are regularly visited. I spoke with Mr. N. O. Nelson on this subject, and he said he knew all about it, and that the Tenement Commission was at work for betterment. But with the exception of a few such men as Mr. Nelson, there is a woeful apathy among the Christians as well as the Jews in this direction. St. Louis needs a Jacob Riis. It needs some strong newspaper to stir up this matter. Perhaps the MIRROR will undertake it. People should not live in outhouses, and barns, with horses. There should not be six or seven members of a family living in one room. We saw places where the children slept on the tables at nights for want of room, and of money to buy beds. Think of the misery of that! Porches like the outer deck of ships, rooms like cabins, with less light, perhaps, and often with less air, and that little air, rotten—these make true ghetto pictures. Garbage, dirt, the pest of vermin, the awfulness of being thus "cribbed, cabined and confined," think what that means to the man who bends over a machine or cobbles shoes in a little shop all day!

Then think of the children of these men! The Jewish charities now send more consumptives to Denver than was thought possible ten or fifteen years ago. Think of the wives and little ones thus separated! Is human life so valueless that we must crush it out to fatten great corporations or landlords with no compassion, no pity, no idealism? In one miserable hovel a haggard, scrawny, woman was bending over a machine sewing overalls—at thirty cents a dozen. Miss Bernard asked her how many she could sew in a day, and she answered "one dozen." Is it not a calamity that we should have such conditions? They can be prevented. St. Louis wants a million people, but it does not want to degrade them and herself.

Perhaps some will ask for a remedy. My answer is, proper work by the properly constituted authorities, provided, if necessary, by the citizens. But the citizens, as a whole, are apathetic. They won't even go to vote if it rains. They don't know their own best interests. Therefore, some man or set of men must come to the rescue. The work must be done. It must be done now.

Now, we are back in the spacious Jewish Charities Building, one of the heart-and-brain efforts of these so-called "civilized rich" toward the solution of the ghetto problem. We look around and see kindergartens, day nurseries, night schools, charity offices, a dispensary, a free labor bureau, a social settlement. Surely these "civilized rich" are not all in Atlantic City. And if they are, they are only resting to be fresher and abler to grapple with the difficulties of the East side in the winter. Public schools loom large in the ghetto also; Jew and Christian are shoulder to shoulder at the wheel for moral uplift. Social Settlements, other oases in the desert, all bespeak the heart-interest of the outsiders. But education alone will not solve the problem; the work must be objective as well as subjective. The tendency to improve conditions from within outward is good, but it must be accompanied by efforts from without inward. Object lessons—as well as text books—these are the necessities. Better sewerage, better sanitation generally, cleaner yards, more open spaces, less crowding, and better homes—these are the slogans for the salvation of the St. Louis ghetto.

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After dinner, when the ladies had gone upstairs, the men, over their coffee and cigars and liquors, talked, as men will, of love, says Yvette Guilbert.

All of a sudden the host cried out in a loud voice: "I will tell you, gentlemen, this is the truth: I have kissed the dainty Japanese girl. I have kissed the South Sea Island maiden. I have kissed the slim Indian beauty. And the girls of England, of Germany, even of America, I have kissed, but it is most true that the kiss of my wife is best of all."

Then a young man cried across the table: "By heaven, sir, you are right there!"—*New York Tribune*.



Kindly Caricatures No. 66.

OTTO F. STIFEL

THE city's coming brewer, in a city where the brewery oligarchy rivals in power and splendor even the nabobs of the banks and the franchise princes. The predestinate successor of Adolphus Busch as spokesman and thunderer for the virate of the vats. That's something for a man to have become, in the town where he was born, at 43. And he has been "investigated" by a legislative committee for having helped in the coup that earned Missouri the sobriquet of "the Mysterious Stranger." Likewise has he challenged a Circuit Attorney for the proof that he is an ice trust confederate. You are not an "It" these days if you haven't been "investigated." Fame has waylaid him in other ways.

His mare, Colonial Girl, won the \$50,000 World's Fair handicap in 1904. He has run a "string" on the circuit without going broke or getting in with the shady set of racing moguls. The man behind the curtain in the most recondite affairs of the Republican organization in the city and State. An organizer of defeat for the Senate of the man who, for thirty years, had figured the toga as bought and paid for and wrapped up ready to drop into his hand the day the State abjured Democracy. The man to whom was committed the whole matter of fighting the "lid" and, from the first, saw that the safest way to fight was to submit, lest worse befall his business interest in hostile legislation. A brewer at the head of the

Republican machine, and that machine crying for "law enforcement" when "law enforcement" means stopping the sale of liquors on Sunday? Promoted from manager of his father's brewery, to head the syndicate of breweries, and then resigning to fight the trust with a brewery of his own. Interested in a score of business enterprises of importance, in sport, in politics, in German societies innumerable, in newspapers, and, at the same time, a man with always a little time to spare for the man who wants to see him. A good fellow of a higher type than the liquor or beer man who wanders around buying drinks indiscriminately to boost his business. Not learned, but with not a little of the German's sense of com-

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Everything
Needed in
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Furniture, Carpets, Rugs and Linoleum

GEORGIA-STIMSON

616-618 WASHINGTON AVENUE

portable æsthetics, a long way this side of dining by looking at a lily.

Otto F. Stifel, you see, has been, and is somewhat, for a younker.

He is a crescent personal force. He has a following of men who knew him when they and he were boys. He holds his friends. He is a "good mixer" without cheapening himself. Liberality is his foible, but he isn't an "easy mark," though sometimes precipitate people are fooled by his seeming ingenuousness. Frankness to an appalling extent, is his distinguishing feature as a politician, when he's talking to a man he knows. And—zip!—in an instant he snips off relations with anyone he distrusts. He knows how to hold the ward politician. And it's the ward politician that's most purchasable you'll find on the side of Republican politics opposed to Stifel. No one readier than Otto to help any good thing, either with a check or with leg-work or by rallying friends to a focus for a friend. He's there "on the list" for anything, from a Horse Show to a church fair—but not for any fake. No bloviating goes with or for him. And his dearest delight is to happen upon some careless crowd, who don't give a damn how much money anybody's got, who don't care much for any sort of celebrity, who don't bank much on any sort of repute, good or bad, and with them to sit until the dawn, listening and helping them while they chop and churn and grill all public characters, and unmask all public measures in

a chatter of irreverent but cheerful anarchy. He's one rich young man who is under no delusion as to the value of money of and by itself. He has too many friends among the newspaper boys to have any respect for fake standards. He's no dreamer, but then, he's no brutal coercionist with cash. He likes the game of politics. It's not more expensive, and it's a lot more uncertain and exciting than horse racing. Of course, in his business, he takes a "wide-open" view of things. He's not quite so German as many another German-American young man in his line, but for all that, he never quite loses touch with the old wooden-shoe and long pipe fellows who survive from the days when his father ran a great brewery in the North End, under the trade-mark of a big Blucher boot.

Breweries have been Democratic in Missouri, but Missouri having gone Republican, breweries needed a friend in that camp. It speaks for what the brewers, as a whole, think of Stifel, that they "left it all to Otto." And they are content with his fidelity, even though his brewery makes great increase in output, and its signs multiply through the town, though never in front of squalid or questionable "joints," as some brew signs have blossomed out when their owners were dealers in the political game. Stifel doesn't look to dives and cribs to sell his stuff. And yet his establishment looms up as a coming formidable competitor with the present apparent masters of the situation. He's crowding up into the Lemp and

Busch class in the business, and also as a personality, as a name with a clan back of it—for there are Lempites and Buschites and Stifelites in St. Louis, as there are Campbells and Douglasses and McGregors in Scotland.

Henceforward Otto Stifel will make a figure in the local news of all sorts, much belauded in places, under heavy fire in others. Wherever he is, he'll be found a man whose word is good, even though lightly given. He will be found mixed up with all sorts of people, but always standing out as a healthy sort of man, with enough force in himself not to let the crowd eclipse him or give him color other than his own. He has enough of the good old German strain of the *saengerbund*, the *turnverein*, the *commerz*, the quaint quality of the oldsters at the pinochle table, to keep him from any assumption of later Yankee airs and from any forgetfulness of the ideas of the men who "fit mit Sigel" or hearkened to Carl Schurz. He will not lose his Teutonic savor, nor forget how to sing "Hi-lee, Hi-lo," or "Lieber Augustine." He is the sort of man who will stick to the old German social ideals in many things, but clever in both the English and American senses of that word.

There's a hard row for him to hoe as Republican leader and friend of Niedringhaus. There's a nasty faction fighting him and his business in the party throughout the State. His divided party may lose the State after winning it, but he's no shallow leader

Adverts

This, the Last Week of Our

Mid-Summer Clearing Sale

Finds us still with much Summer Stock which we desire to dispose of, so have priced solely with the importance in view of a total clearing out this week of all goods in every department. It is obvious that we are unable to note even a hundredth part of the great reductions, but assure the St. Louis ladies that never in the history of dry goods bargains have such genuine values been given. Prices which seem incredible, where intrinsic value is considered, obtain in every department. Our reliability is positive assurance of the truth of every assertion. (See the daily papers for details.)

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co.,

Broadway, Washington Ave.
and St. Charles Street.

when he can put his business aside and go in for a fight in which his party stands for a thing that does him out of several thousand dollars in beer sales every Sunday. He has engaging qualities of a simple sort, and isn't always playing for his own hand. *Per contra*, he likes to get in on and help things that can't get him a dollar or a vote. He is a mighty good specimen of the "arrived" young St. Louisan without any frills, of a brewer without any fanaticism against the anti-beer fanatics. He's doing things in a sort of semi-public capacity, and doing them in a way to demonstrate ability in the handling of that curious animal—man.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dear Jenny:

TINWARE on top! Tinware and boots and shoes! Tinware and plate glass! Tinware in politics. For "Tinware" read "Niedringhaus." Here's one Niedringhaus girl gone and married young Drew, and another marries the daughter of Jackson Johnson. My, but the Niedringhauses do break in, don't they? No wonder they have a family tree and are proud of it. The way those German emigrants—seven brothers of 'em—have made good is a caution. They've made money. Their sons and daughters have married money. They've been 'way up in the church, been in Congress, almost in the Senate. They've allied themselves with the Haywards. Now with the Drews, and with the Johnsons. The Johnsons are in shoes. We used to say "nothing like leather." Not so any more. Nothing like Tinware. But it's a miracle how all those Niedringhaus girls are so beautiful. They have the looks and the style every time. Every time I look at any of the Niedringhauses I have to laugh at the people who want to stop immigration. This town owes a lot in a

whole lot of ways to those seven Niedringhaus emigrants who came over here and kept things moving. I didn't think, though, that the Drews would ever stand for their boy's marrying outside of one of the Catholic houses. You know old man Drew is more Catholic than the Pope. The Jackson Johnsons are just tickled to death. This marriage of their daughter is the first publicity they've had since Mr. Johnson was arrested for "cussin out" Mr. Richard Hanlon on a street-car. I 'spose that the Johnson-Niedringhaus alliance will grieve the John C. Roberts' wing of the big shoe shop. The Roberts are Democrats and the Niedringhauses are Republicans.

This tinware triumph is about all that's been doing in society—in the open.

✦

But there are some things on the quiet; under cover. I'm told that a scrapping match at the Alps about four weeks ago, which was written up in the papers, has had most deplorable results. Nothing less than the separation of a husband and wife. I don't know the rights of it. All I know is what I hear. That is that the man who did the "smashing" blames the man he "smashed" for making things unpleasant in the "smasher's" home. The "smashee" hasn't had very much to say. He seems to be better advised than the other man, in that respect. There are children, too, and nice ones. Moreover, there are those who say that the trouble is all a mistake. Anyhow, when there's a public fight in a fashionable resort between two men so well known as these parties to this story, you can't wonder that there are all sorts of romantic, not to say, scandalous explanations, among the stay-at-home gad-about. So far as the prominence of the parties is concerned, I've only to say that one of the names smells again of shoes, and the other is equally famous in homeopathy and in bargain groceries. Fact is, that there are two or three ladies shivering over the possibilities of revela-



ONE I LOVE,
TWO I LOVE,
THREE I LOVE, I SAY,
BLANKE-WENNEKER CHOCOLATES
I WILL LOVE ALWAYS.

WE'VE CUT THE PRICE!

TO "CUT OUT" THE DULL SEASON!

SUIT PRICES

WITH THE PROFITS SNIPPED OFF

\$35.00 Suits now selling for..	\$24.75
\$30.00 and \$27.50 Suits now selling for	\$21.75
\$25.00 Suits now selling for..	\$17.00
\$22.50 Suits now selling for..	\$15.75
\$20.00 Suits now selling for..	\$14.25
\$18.00 Suits now selling for..	\$12.00
\$15.00 Suits now selling for..	\$9.75

STRAW HATS

AT "STRAPPED" PRICES

\$1.50 Straw Hats for	\$1.15
\$2.00 Straw Hats for	\$1.73
\$2.50 Straw Hats for	\$1.93
\$3.00 Straw Hats for	\$2.45
\$4.00 Straw Hats for	\$2.95
\$5.00 Straw Hats for	\$3.95
\$10.00 Straw Hats for	\$6.50

TROUSERS

MINUS NEARLY HALF OF THE OLD PRICES

\$3.00 and \$3.50 Outing Trousers for	\$2.25
\$4.00 and \$4.50 Outing Trousers for	\$2.75
\$5.00 Outing Trousers for.....	\$3.50
\$6.00 Outing Trousers for.....	\$4.25

UNDERWEAR

SMARTLY PRICE-SLICED

\$3.50 Union Suits, now	\$2.60
\$2.00 Cotton Underwear, now.....	\$1.45
\$2.50 Cotton Underwear, now.....	\$1.95
\$2.00 Linen Mesh Underwear, now	\$1.45
\$3.50 Silk Underwear, now.....	\$2.45
\$1.50 Fancy Underwear, now.....	\$1.15
\$1.25 Blue Mercerized Underwear, now	89c
\$1.75 Lewis Underwear, now.....	\$1.25

SHIRT PRICES

WASHED OF ALL PROFITS

\$3.00 Shirts cut to	\$1.35
\$1.50 Shirts cut to	\$1.10
\$1.00 Shirts cut to	89c

OPEN TILL 10:30 SATURDAY NIGHT

Diels

ST. LOUIS

NINTH AND OLIVE—ODD FELLOWS' BLDG.

tions and complications in connection with the smashing episode. It's all very sad, indeed, Jen, but they do say that it wouldn't be so sad if it wasn't for booze.

✧

And Pickles, too! Yes, Pickles are running Tinware and Shoes good and hard. The papers tell us that at least five of the fifty-seven local varieties of Pickles are off to Europe, and the conquest thereof for Miss Anna Lee Pickel. The said Anna Lee is a sweet Pickel, sure. She shows it even in her newspaper pictures. The Pickels are the local bosses in marble work. The older Pickel has a big share in the famous Carrara quarries—out of which Rome was built, you know. They're in a trust. I believe it was our Alex. Konta that got up the trust, and then Senator Redfield Proctor got it away from him and the late Alfred Beit. Then Alex. came here and organized the St. Louis Catering Company, that is going broke under the mismanagement of Joseph Pee Whyte, and hasn't a darned negotiable asset left but the decency and ability and good reputation of Tony Faust—Senior and Junior. Well, the Pickels own a large slice of the Carrara quarries, and Billy Pickel, Jr., is one of the golden youths of this town that hasn't yet been landed. He's a great horseman and recitationist and singer, and it is he that puts in all the fine marble in the new hotels from New York to Frisco. Oh, yes, you must look out for the Pickels if they come your way.

✧

Oh, yes; the Fryhofers! My, but they're going it. They know the trick. Splurge in the dull season. That makes people grateful. They want some place to go. Also it attracts the attention of the society reporters, and they can write it up without fear of the blue pencil. Of course you've got to do it right. And the Fryhofers do that all right. And they have the right sort of girls to visit them. And so, much celebrity is theirs. My dear, if ever you have a friend you want to put out proper, just launch 'em in the dull season, when you're bound to get a seeing and a hearing.

✧

There's been a touch of tragedy for us, too. Young Byron Nugent, a manly fellow, died under an operation, while his father and mother were away on the Pacific Coast. We feel for the Nugents. They're such a right sort, you know. Made a lot o' money, but didn't lose their taste in so doing. Know how to spend their money for others' enjoyment—all of 'em, but the "By" Nugents especially. It's too bad

CONDENSED OFFICIAL STATEMENT
OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF

Mississippi Valley Trust Company

St. Louis

Under Call of Secretary of State,
At Close of Business, July 10, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Loans	\$13,935,198.80
Bonds and Stocks	7,379,490.98
Real Estate	288,107.02
Overdrafts	9,801.83
Safety Deposit Vaults	72,000.00
Cash and Exchange	3,984,918.13
All other resources	14,336.34

\$25,683,853.19

LIABILITIES.

Capital	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits	5,721,942.62
Deposits	16,839,262.08
Reserve for interest on savings accounts	10,000.00
Reserve for 1906 taxes	57,000.00
Reserve for reinsurance of liability as surety on outstanding bonds	47,581.59
All other liabilities	8,066.90

\$25,683,853.19

OFFICERS.

JULIUS S. WALSH, Chairman of the Board.	JAMES E. BROCK, Secretary.
BRECKENRIDGE JONES, President.	HUGH R. LYLE, Assistant Secretary.
JOHN D. DAVIS, Vice President.	HENRY C. IBBOTSON, Assistant Secretary.
SAMUEL E. HOFFMAN, Vice President.	G. HUNT TURNER, JR., Assistant Secretary.
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FREDERICK VIERLING, Trust Officer.	WM. McC. MARTIN, Assistant Bond Officer.
CHAS. M. POLK, Assistant Trust Officer.	TOM W. BENNETT, Real Estate Officer.
CHAS. W. MORATH, Safe-Deposit Officer.	

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AUGUST GEHNER, President German-American Bank.	
S. E. HOFFMAN, Vice President.	
CHAS. H. HUTTIG, President Third National Bank.	

Cheap Round-Trip Tickets

Bangor, Me.	\$33.50	Alexandria Bay	\$26.00
Via Boston	33.50	Cape Vincent	26.00
Bar Harbor, Me.	34.50	Clayton	26.00
Via Boston	34.50	Frontenac	26.00
Biddeford, Me.	30.00	Ogdensburg	26.00
Via Boston	30.00	Thousand Island Park	26.00
Burlington, Vt.	26.50	Belleville, Ont.	25.35
Via Albany	26.50	Brockville, Ont.	26.00
Haverhill, N. H.	26.50	Burk's Falls, Ont.	25.80
Via Springfield	26.50	Coburg, Ont.	23.95
Kennebunkport, Me ..	29.90	Collingwood, Ont.	23.05
Via Boston	30.65	Halifax, N. S.	40.50
Montpelier, Vt.	26.50	Huntsville, Ont.	25.05
Via Springfield	26.50	Kingston, Ont.	26.00
Newport, Vt.	26.50	Montreal, Que.	26.00
Via Springfield	26.50	Muskoka Wharf, Ont.	24.05
Old Orchard, Me.	30.00	Ottawa, Ont.	26.00
Via Boston	30.00	Owen Sound, Ont.	22.30
Portland, Me.	30.00	Penetang, Ont.	23.70
Via Boston	30.00	Perth, Ont.	27.50
Portsmouth, N. H.	28.90	Peterboro, Ont.	23.90
Via Boston	28.90	Quebec, Que.	29.50
Rockland, Me.	31.00	Sharbot Lake, Ont.	26.80
Via Boston	31.00	Sherbrooke, Ont.	28.50
St. Albans, Vt.	26.50	Smith's Falls, Ont.	27.50
Via Springfield	26.50	Sydney, N. S.	43.60
St. Johnsbury, Vt.	26.50	Temagami, Ont.	29.70
Via Springfield	26.50	Temiskaming, Que.	30.05
Weirs, N. H.	27.00	Toronto, Ont.	21.60
Via Worcester	27.00	Trenton, Ont.	25.00

On Sale July 18, Aug. 8 and 22, Sept. 5 and 10.

On Sale Every Day Until Sept. 30.

Big Four-New York Central Lines

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILWAY SYSTEM."

Millboro, Va.	\$22.00	Vanceburg, Ky.	\$13.50	Alleghany, Va.	\$20.65	Buena Vista, Va.	\$23.40
Natural Bridge, Va.	22.70	(For Glen Springs and		(For Sweet Springs and		Covington, Va.	21.15
New Castle, Va.	23.05	Esculapia Springs.)		Sweet Chalybeate Spgs.)		Fort Spring, W. Va.	20.00
Ronceverte, W. Va.	20.15	Variety, Va.	22.75	Afton, Va.	23.70	Glasgow, Va.	23.10
Staunton, Va.	22.25	(For Mt. Elliott Springs.)		Alderson, Va.	19.75	Goshen, Va.	22.20
Talcott, Va.	19.40	White Sulphur Spgs.,		Basic, Va.	22.25	Hot Springs, Va.	22.15
Max Meadow, Va.	23.10	Va.	20.50	Buchanan, Va.	22.25	Lexington, Va.	23.35
Montgomery, Va.	22.55	Roanoke, Va.	22.25	Bedford, Va.	23.00	Dublin, Va.	22.50
Montvale, Va.	23.10	Rural Retreat, Va.	23.50	Blue Ridge, Va.	23.60	Eggleston Spgs., Va.	22.15
Natural Bridge, Va.	22.70	Salem, Va.	22.20	Bonsack, Va.	22.25	Elliston, Va.	22.55
Pembroke, Va.	22.10	Seven Mile Ford, Va.	23.50	Buchanan, Va.	22.25	Glade Springs, Va.	23.50
Pulaski, Va.	22.70	Shawville, Va.	22.55	Chilhowie, Va.	23.50	Glasgow, Va.	23.10
Raford, Va.	21.70	Troutville, Va.	22.60	Christianburg, Va.	22.05	Ivanhoe, Va.	23.65
		Wytheville, Va.	21.70	Cloverdale, Va.	22.60	Marion, Va.	23.50

On Sale Every Day Until Sept. 30.

\$19.25 LAKE CHAUTAUQUA AND RETURN JULY 27TH.

\$10.00 NIAGARA FALLS AND RETURN AUGUST 7TH.

For Particulars Call at Big Four Ticket Office, Broadway and Chestnut Streets,
Or Address C. L. HILLEARY, A. G. P. A., St. Louis.

that their hopes for the boy should be blighted and their hearts torn by his loss.

You'll have noted, too, that the "Serena Lamb" column in the Sunday Republic has been bum for some time. Good reason why. Lucy Stoughton hasn't been doing it for five weeks or more. The dear snappy girl has been in retirement. Her mother died about three weeks ago, after a painful illness, during which Lucy nursed her faithfully and tenderly, and the only society authority this town knows has just returned from her sad and pitiful journey to Ohio with her mother's remains. Society people owe much to Lucy Hosmer Stoughton. She's made a great many 30-cent pieces look like double eagles with her pen, I'm tellin' of yez, and she's a true blue sort, such as always asserts itself in time of trouble. 'Course she's done give it to some of us, too, at times, in a way only we could see; but I guess we deserved it for our uppishness to her.

If I knew the exact details of what it was that happened at the Glen Echo Club, that everybody is so mysterious about, I'd tell you, but I can't give names. All I know is that some young man went out there and brought some young woman with him and got adjoining rooms, with a door between, and that something *did* happen that resulted in their both being put out, and the young man was suspended or expelled, or both. * They say that Papa McGrew just went on awful about the incident. Anyhow, I just

cite the incident to let you know that this isn't such a deadly dull summer town, after all. Jim Harvey is still here. He couldn't leave until he had said good-bye to Samuel Cupplies, Rufus J. Lackland, W. K. Bixby; when he has done this and consoled them and other local millionaires against their grief at losing his association for the summer months he will go to Europe and visit the Rothschilds, Baron Bleichroeder, Lord Roseberry and Sir Thomas Lipton.

BLUE JAY.

The Simple Life

A \$75,000 AUTOMOBILE rolled through the \$60,000 bronze gates and up the \$35,000 winding avenue to the \$20,000 marble steps. Descending from the machine, the billionaire paused a moment to view the smiling \$500,000 landscape.

Across the \$90,000 lawn a \$125,000 silver lake lay sleeping in the shades of early evening, and beyond it rose a lordly \$80,000 hill, whose crest, cloaked with forest at an expense of \$200,000 glowed in the last golden rays of the setting sun.

The billionaire sank luxuriously into a \$2,000 ivory porch chair and rested his feet on the rosewood railing of the \$160,000 veranda.

"It is pleasant," he observed, "to get back to nature once in awhile. After the cares and worries of the business day, I certainly love to run out

BOSTON BY SEA!

BEST OF ALL SUMMER TRIPS

\$47.50

St. Louis to Boston and Return

GO ANY DAY ***
LONG RETURN LIMIT

B. & O. S.-W. to Baltimore
Ocean Steamer to Boston

Return, All Rail, via Niagara Falls

Includes Meals and Berth on Steamer

B. & O. S.-W. Ticket Office, Olive and 6th Sts.

to this quiet little \$60,000,000 country club of ours and taste a bit of simple life. It is good to keep in touch with the soil; for what is man but dust, after all!"

Feeling restored, he passed in through the \$400,000 doorway to his \$1,500 dinner. —Newark News.

The . .

West End Hotel

Cor. Vandeventer Ave.
and West Belle Place.

OPPOSITE BEAUTIFUL
VANDEVENTER PLACE

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS
FAMILY HOTEL

EXCELLENT CUISINE

Meals a la Carte or Table d' Hôte

SUBURBAN TO-NIGHT AT 8:15 SHARP

Mats. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday 2:30,

HERBERT KELCEY - - SHANNON
IN THE "MOTH AND THE FLAME."

Next—Kelcey & Shannon in Her Lord and Master

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS KRYL AND HIS BAND

Four Concerts Every Day.

ONLY HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE IN TOWN

Every afternoon at 2:30. Evenings at 8:30. 10c, 20c,
and 30c. No higher.

ADMISSION TO GROUNDS, 10c.

Roller Skating Contest all week in the Roof Garden
Roller Rink.

DELMAR GARDEN

EVENINGS, 8:20

Only Mat. Wednesday at 3:00—25 and 50c.

"EL CAPITAN"

Tickets Bollman Bros., 1120 Olive St.
Sunday Matinee, July 29, The Belle of New York
Open Air Roller Rink. Sessions with music every
afternoon and evening and Sunday morning.

THE ALPS

Grand Orchestra of Fifty Men

Directed By ADOLPH ROSENBECKER

TO-NIGHT

CECILIA KELLY

"THE MISSOURI GIRL"

Next Week—Tyrolean Singers

I make a magazine yclept for commercial purposes

The Little Devil

It will appeal to everybody but fatuous folks
with two-ply morals.

Mr. Jefferson said: "It is the Prince of Entertainers in the periodical line."

Mirror readers would revel in its rollicking
essays and sharp satire. That's my excuse
for calling your attention to it.

Sold at all news stands Ten cents per copy.
If your dealer is out, send coin or stamps and
I will send you copy.

LITTLE DEVIL MAGAZINE
Los Angeles, Calif.

ST. LOUIS SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

INSTRUCTION IN

Drawing, Painting, Modeling and the Applied Arts

Students may enroll at any time. Apply for information
at the office, 19th and Locust Streets, or of

HALSEY C. IVES, Director.

RONNOCO DRY ROASTED COFFEE
A Special Value at 25c per lb.

J. P. O'CONNOR,

620 N. Sarah St. Both Phones 3200 Olive St.

A Word For the Ice Man

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The ice business in St. Louis during the past fifteen years has certainly had anything but a brilliant record for investors in ice machine plants. The competition has been more bitter in this city, for a continuous period, than in any other large city in the Union, and the results have proven disastrous to many engaged in the business.

Most people are induced to invest their money in a manufacturing plant on the representations of the manufacturers of ice machinery, who invariably point out how cheaply ice can be manufactured, and only a few isolated cases prove, on a theoretical basis, that they did not deviate far from their guarantee.

The investor, however, after operating a plant for a full year, finds that his plant has occasion to run up to its full capacity for an extremely brief period, and that, only during such period, while running at full capacity, could he approach approximately the cost represented to him by the manufacturer of machines.

The investor then begins to realize that he has been deceived, that the interest on his investment, the expense of repairs and breakage, wear and tear, have been overlooked, and that his product for the year averages more than double the original estimate of cost.

This is explained by the fact that scarcely any ice manufactory is called upon to run at its full capacity for more than four months. During the other months the demand has been cut down, sometimes more than 75 per cent, and the investor has a large plant and no trade; yes, at times he is unable to give his product away.

It is no secret that a large number of ice manufacturing plants have changed hands at a sacrifice in the past ten years, and therefore I will not cite the same in detail. Some of the most successful business men in St. Louis have acknowledged their inability to cope with the adverse conditions of this business.

The present agitation about ice prices is certainly unwarranted. Like all other commodities, the supply and demand govern the price. During the past winter practically no natural ice was harvested, and those that have invested and stored natural ice had to go as far as St. Paul for their requirements. The natural ice stored here shows by actual figures that the same costs those people storing it fully \$3.50 per ton.

If a continuation of this hot weather prevails, there will be a scarcity of ice, and a famine was prevented only by the erection of the Polar Wave Ice Company's new plant on Leffingwell avenue, and the renewal of operation at the East St. Louis Ice Plant. The two plants are producing about 275 tons of ice daily and have certainly relieved the situation very materially. Were it not for them, some of the most experienced men in the business believe the cost of ice per ton would have reached the highest record in many years.

AN ICE MANUFACTURER.

FAST SERVICE TO MICHIGAN

Via Illinois Central R. R. daily beginning June 24th:

Leave St. Louis..... 11:45 a. m.
Arrive Petoskey..... 6:25 a. m.
Bay View at 6:28 a. m.
We-que-ton-sing 7:22 a. m.
Harbor Springs 7:25 a. m.

One feature of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer, Purity—by a process originated and patented by us. Every bottle is sterilized before it is filled and pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.



Permit us to invite you

to enjoy a share in the extra satisfaction we are giving the patrons who send their laundry work to us. If you wish the kind of laundry work that will give you real satisfaction, send your package to us. Our wagon will call anywhere in the city.

WESTMINSTER LAUNDRY CO.

4115-4117 OLIVE STREET.

PHONES:

Bell—Lindell 211.

Kinloch—Delmar 2065.

Mr. Motorist:

Did some IRRESPONSIBLE PARTY use your Motor Car last night, without your knowledge? If so, our SYSTEM gives the REMEDY for this evil. Inspect our Fire-Proof Garage and Modern Facilities. * * * * *

AGENTS FOR

ROYAL
TOURIST



ORDER

1907
CARS
NOW

Reyburn Motor Car Co.

5023-29 Delmar Boulevard



RESTAURANT

Music by Vogel's Orchestra every evening.

Chemical Building, 8th and Olive Sts.

Largest

AND

Handsomest
IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining Rooms and several Smaller Rooms for Private Dinner Parties.

The West End Hotel Cafe

Vandeventer Ave.

OPPOSITE

Vandeventer Place.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Restaurant. Unsurpassable in Cuisine and Service. Choicest Imported Wines and Cigars. Finest Imported and Domestic Beers on Draught.

Open 8 A. M. to One O'Clock at Night.

WE HAVE MOVED OUR

UMBRELLAS

PARASOLS and CANES

TO OUR

NEW

LOCATION.



TRADE MARK REGISTERED

WHERE WE
SHALL BE
PLEASED TO
SEE YOU

416

N. 6th St.,
Opposite Columbia
Theatre.

Summer Shows

The Delmar players are fattening their batting averages this week in "El Capitan." Nearly everybody in the cast is scoring hits in the John Philip Sousa comic opera that makes one forgetful of the soaring mercury, and the lid, too. William Herman West is the champion hitter of the bunch. This versatile thespian is a most agreeable surprise in the comedy role of *Don Enrico*. He's funnier than anything seen at the gardens this season. But then, Mr. West is a finished artist, and all-around player. Mr. West is ably assisted in his clever work by the petite Stella Tracey. Among others who shine in the production are Miss Rhoda, who has a wonderful voice always ready to uncork, Mr. Hatch, who is a most dignified villain, and the inimitable John E. Young, who was also unsuppressible Sunday night. In fact, none of the company is overlooking any chances, and the result is tip-top hot weather entertainment.

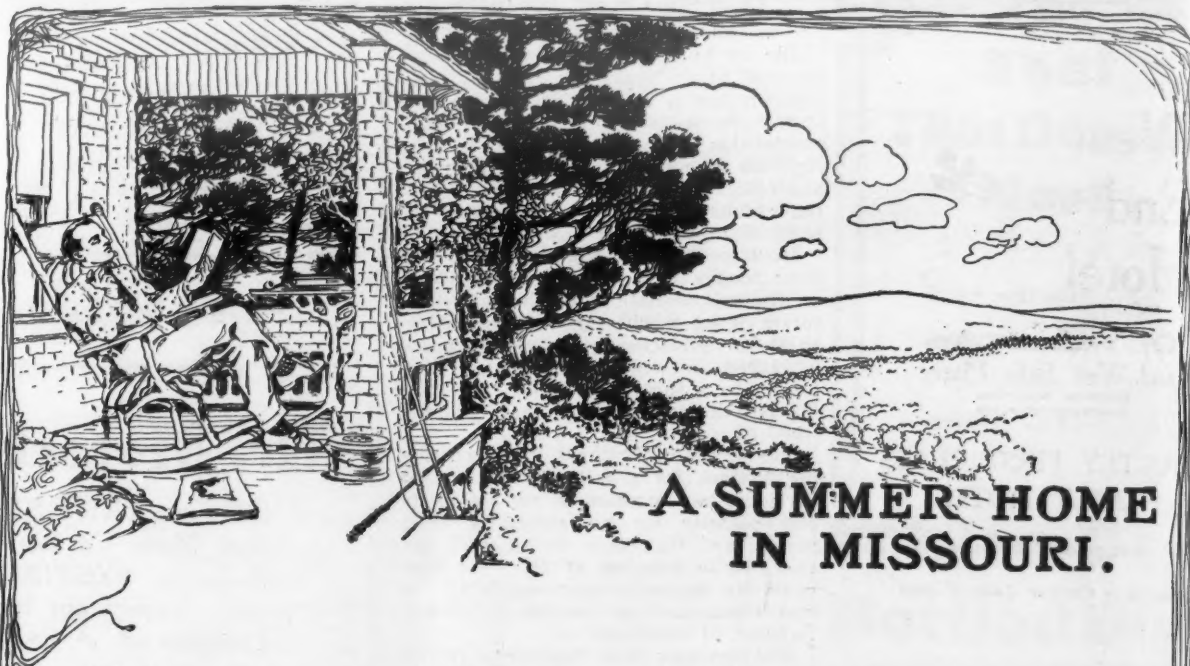
Next week "The Belle of New York" will be put on, commencing with Sunday matinee.

"The Moth and the Flame," which has a following only equaled by that of "Why Girls Leave Home," is straining the financial speed limit at the Suburban with capacity houses, but from an artistic standpoint, it appears to have a punctured tire or a flat wheel. However, the crowds seem satisfied, judging from the encores the principals receive at every performance. But then, the patrons know that Miss Shannon and Mr. Kelcey are capable of better things dramatic and, perhaps that's their way of showing it. Mr. Kelcey is a particularly forlorn personality in the melodramatic villain role, *Fletcher*, and only "comes out of his trance" when a striking bit of emotional acting presents the opportunity. Miss Shannon isn't, perhaps, quite so badly cast, but she hasn't much chance to display her talents either. Perla Landers and Miss Wesley appear to advantage in the wedding scene, wherein the Clyde Fitch drawing-room and back-stair humor are given full sway.

Following "The Moth and the Flame" will be "Her Lord and Master," with Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon in the stellar parts.

The vaudevillians are making the welkin ring at Forest Park Highlands this week. They keep up a regular bombardment of new gags, comic stunts, songs, dances and the rest of the trimmings of a first class vaudeville show. Walton and Wilson, in musical numbers, and World and Kingston, in song and dance, are tied for top-liner honors. Miss Lillian Walton is the possessor of a voice that fetches the crowd always. Rae and Brosche, in an amusing sketch, Wells and Sells, in all the old and several new comic acrobatic feats, and Lew Wells, the hobo monologist, also share in the popular favor. And Kryl and his band are there, too, and for another week.

Miss Cecelia Kelly, of Warrensburg, Mo., made her debut on the concert stage at the Alps Monday night, and at once sprang into popular favor. She is an ideal Missouri girl, pretty as two pictures, and has a soprano voice of rare range and sweetness. She sings as though she likes to. She is receiving great assistance from Director Rosenbecker, who superintends the making of her programmes for each appearance. Miss Kelly should prove a comer in the concert world. The engagement of Franz Rainer's troupe of Tyrolean singers revives some of the pleasantest memories of the Fair.



On the top of a mountain in the Ozarks—an ideal place for a Summer Home. Do you know the Ozarks? Do you realize the possibilities there for a Summer Home as attractive as any at the distant resorts?

There are beautiful views of hills and valley, cool breezes day and night, running streams and crystal clear springs—a perfect place for fishing, canoeing, horseback riding and other outdoor sports.

Along the Frisco Line from St. Louis to Springfield are the Meramec, Gasconade, Big Piney and other streams which have many beautiful spots for Summer Homes. They are but a few hours' ride from St. Louis. Just the thing for the business man—at a very small expense he can be at his summer resort every Saturday afternoon and Sunday during the summer.

Take a trip over the line next Saturday and look at the country. The service is convenient and the rates are cheap.

Fishermen's Special Saturday Afternoon.

Leave St. Louis Union Station at 2:45 p. m. and Tower Grove at 2:55 p. m., and stops at all resorts between St. Louis and Jerome. Round-trip week-end tickets are sold for this train at greatly reduced rates and are good returning on regular trains Sunday and Monday, also on special train Sunday evening.



For further information write or call upon

F. J. DEICKE,
Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.
900 Olive st. (Frisco Bldg.), St. Louis.

Our July Clearance Sale

SLIGHTLY SOILED CORSETS

Monday we place on sale the accumulation of a busy season's fitting, also all ends of lines and goods slightly soiled through display.

Our special brands and other leading makes, worth regularly up to \$10.00, to be closed out for \$3.00.

Special sale of slightly soiled and ends of lines in high-grade undermuslins at about one-third original prices.

Barry's Corset and Lingerie Store
615 LOCUST STREET

ONE FARE

PLUS \$2.00

For Round Trip Tickets

VIA

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

To Nearly all Points in

ALABAMA, FLORIDA, GEORGIA, KENTUCKY, LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI, VIRGINIA, NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA, TENNESSEE.

Tickets on sale 1st and 3rd Tuesdays from July to November, inclusive, good returning 21 days from date of sale. For further information, consult your local agent, or address

J. E. DAVENPORT, D. P. A.
St. Louis, Mo.

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Musical Director Pendleton Garden.

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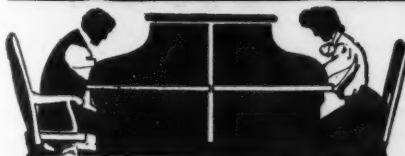
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VALLEY TRUST
COMPANY**
FOURTH & PINE

ADVANCE CAR TO MICHIGAN
Via Illinois Central R. R., June 6. Reg-
ular daily service on and after June
24. Leave St. Louis at 11:45 a. m.

The Stock Market

There's not much to be said about the Panama Canal bonds. The loan was assured of success by the wire-pulling of Mr. Shaw. The fact that the bonds were disposed of at almost 104 does not vouch for monetary ease. That price was obtained because the banks wished to secure governmental deposits, and to increase their national bank note circulation in anticipation of high money rates between now and November 1st. But for the special inducements held out by the Secretary, the bonds would have sold for less than par. There's no use letting the eagle scream over this country's supposed high credit. Take the banknote and deposit features away, and put our national bonds on the same level as the bonds of other first class foreign government, and the high premiums would quickly disappear. The late action of the Secretary has again furnished a puissant argument in favor of depriving the national government of all power of interference in banking affairs.

But, of course, that sort of reasoning won't hold water in Wall street when the speculative powers have decreed to put prices up. Even such a portentous event as the arbitrary dissolution of the Russian duma, and the strong probability of civil war within that sorely-afflicted empire, failed to have an intimidating effect on the bull manipulators. "What do we care about Russian political troubles!" was the generally expressed sentiment. That sounds courageous, but not very sensible. The political impasse in Russia is something gravely to be reckoned with in the world's financial markets these days. A full-fledged revolution would utterly demoralize the chief European markets. Paris and London are already on the verge of panic. Russian bonds have "slumped" continuously in the past week or so. They are now below the records established at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. The 4s are quoted at 70. They were around 78 two weeks ago. A year ago, at this time, they were 87. Should the worst happen, they would at once sink to 50, or thereabouts. The \$450,000,000 Russian 5 per cent bonds placed in London, Paris and Vienna a few months ago promise to prove a calamitous incubus. They are already quoted at a discount of over 10 per cent. Forced liquidation is in progress everywhere, and asserts itself even in British consols, French rentes, railroad and mining stocks.

All the financial markets of the world are in a state of liquidation. It is estimated that about \$3,000,000,000 in new shares have been issued in Europe alone in the last seven years. If we add the enormous mass of governmental and municipal bonds, and the stock and bond inflation in the United States since 1899, we reach a total of nothing less than terrifying proportions. Another thing. There has been a fearful waste of capital in the Boer and Russo-Japanese wars. The total cannot be less than \$2,500,000,000. Add to this the destruction of capital wrought by the San Francisco disaster, and the further waste that will surely be wrought in the event of civil war in Muscovy, and you will be able to form something of an opinion of the real, startling facts underlying the severe depression in Europe's financial centers.

Another thing to be considered is our heavy indebtedness to Europe, which is estimated to range between \$300,000,000 and \$500,000,000. If we should succeed in obtaining gold from abroad, this indebtedness will grow still larger. In other words, we will not be drawing on our credits, but incurring fresh obligations. There's good

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\$50,000.00

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OF ST. LOUIS.

Consolidated Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds

Dated April 1st, 1905. Due April 1st, 1935.

Interest payable October 1st and April 1st, at the office of the trustee, the
MISSOURI-LINCOLN TRUST CO.,
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Special Circular on Request.

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Cashier.**JEFFERSON BANK,**

CORNER FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

CONDENSED STATEMENT MADE TO SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE CONDITION

ST. LOUIS UNION TRUST COMPANY

AT ST. LOUIS

at the Close of Business July 10, 1906

RESOURCES.

Time Loans	..	\$11,223,673.21
Bonds and Stocks	..	4,300,918.72
Overdrafts	..	23,407.46
Company's Office Building and other Real Estate	..	536,548.72
Safe Deposit Vaults	..	100,000.00
Call Loans	..	\$ 9,602,676.53
Cash on hand and due from Banks	..	5,114,702.22
		14,717,378.75

\$30,901,926.86

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stocks	..	\$5,000,000.00
Surplus	..	5,000,000.00
Undivided Profits, net	..	1,193,684.26
Deposits:		
Banks and Trust Companies	..	\$ 1,259,282.42
Individual	..	18,448,960.18
		19,708,242.60

\$30,901,926.86

OFFICERS.

Thomas H. West, President.

Robt. S. Brookings,
Vice-President.John D. Filley,
Vice-President.Henry C. Haarstick,
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Vice-President, Vice-President.A. C. Stewart,
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Isaac H. Orr,

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Asst. Trust Officer.F. X. Ryan,
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Members New York Stock Exchange
and
St. Louis Stock Exchange.

Direct Private Wires to practically
every city in the
United States.

reason to look for an advance in the official discount rate of the Bank of England in the near future. That institution, in the face of the ominous

news from St. Petersburg and the speculative storm and stress in Paris and London, will not be inclined to favor us with as much gold as we

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Popular Prices
BROADWAY, NEAR OLIVE.

\$20

AND LESS

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To Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Corpus Christi, Brownsville, Laredo, and intermediate points\$20.00
To El Paso and intermediate points, \$26.50

To Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, and Northern Texas points, one fare plus \$2.00, but no rate higher than\$20.00

Correspondingly low rates from all points: From Chicago, \$25.00; St. Paul, \$27.50; Omaha and Council Bluffs, \$22.50.

Write for full particulars.

W. S. ST. GEORGE,

General Passenger Agent M. K. & T. R'y
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RIVER EXCURSIONS Str. CITY OF PROVIDENCE

From Dock, Foot of Olive Street
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FAMILY EXCURSIONS
TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND FRIDAYS } To ALTON AND CHAUTAUQUA
WEDNESDAYS } To MONTESANO PARK
DAYS } Lv. 9:30 a. m., Return 6:00 p. m.
Round Trip, 25c. Children, 15c.

SUNDAY To ALTON
Tickets, 50c; Lv. 9:00 a. m. Return 1:30 p. m.
Children, 15c; Lv. 2:00 p. m. Return 7:00 p. m.
Good for 2 Trips.

EVENING EXCURSIONS { Delightful ride on the Mississippi River, Music, Dancing, Refreshments.
TICKETS, 25c.
Leave 7:30 p. m. Return 11:00 p. m.

would like to get. Discount rates will soon be sharply on the upturn all over the world.

Last Saturday's bank statement brought the surplus reserves up to \$19,391,000. With but four exceptions, this amount is still below the level established for this season in any year since 1893. The surplus reserves should not be less than \$35,000,000 at the present time. The lately published returns of the country's national banks gave strong warning of a stiff money market before long. The nation's 6,000 national banks reported an increase in loans of \$307,000,000 over a year ago. Of this increase, \$223,000,000 was reported by the banks in the West and South. Against a gain of \$170,000,000 in deposit liabilities to individuals alone, the West and South reported a gain of only \$7,000,000 in cash. Does this bespeak coming ease in money markets? Not on your life.

All this, the bull enthusiast remarks, is offset by big crops and big business. How so? Heavy agricultural yields and great business activity means additional strain upon money markets, at least for a while, and soaring money rates never benefited Wall street.

Local Securities.

The St. Louis market closely sympathizes with Wall street movements these days. Falling prices in New York mean falling prices here, and vice versa. Latterly, the tendency was upward in both markets. In one conspicuous instance, Bank of Commerce, there was palpable manipulation for a rise. That stock, after a "slump" to about 305, was quickly rushed up to 319, at which price the last sale was recorded. In other directions the upward movement was gradual. A few stocks recorded but slight gains. Thus, Third National gained only \$1.50 a share. The last lot changed hands at 300½. Missouri-Lincoln has rallied to 130, and Commonwealth Trust gained about five points nominally, being, at this writing, 318 bid, 321 asked. For Title Guaranty 76 is asked, with no bids at this moment.

The street railway shares moved dully, although United Railways common gained about 5 points on small sales. The last sale was made at 49. The preferred is changing hands at 81¼ and 81¼. The quotations for the common are not very trustworthy. The 4 per cent bonds are 85¼ bid, 85½ asked.

Ely-Walker D. G. Co. 2d preferred shares were in demand lately at 95. Kansas City Home Telephone voting trust certificates are quoted at 69¼, with limited demand. The bond list is neglected and stagnant, with prices unchanged. Industrial shares are not considered attractive at this time.

Banks report a large business. Money is in strong demand, with most of the loans being made at 6 per cent. The premium on New York drafts is falling, the last quotations being 5 premium bid, 15 premium asked. Sterling exchange, after a sharp decline, has rallied to 85½. Berlin is 94.85, and Paris 5.18¾.

Answers to Inquiries.

A. Z., Van Buren, Ark.—Ontario & Western should be a tempting purchase for a long pull. Buy on the occasional dips only. Nothing attractive about New York Central, in spite of late decline. Will be put up, however, in case the rest of the list doesn't give way.

Reader, Bloomington, Ill.—Keep out of Sloss-Sheffield. Good for gamblers only. Southern Pacific moving up on dividend expectations. That the stock could pay something, is indubitable. Matter rests with Union Pacific people.



A DOLLAR SAVED



Is a dollar earned and you can easily save several dollars on your painting bill by using MOUND CITY HORSE SHOE PAINT. Don't waste costly labor in putting on cheap paint. The cost of labor is the largest part of your painting bill. Use it only to put on paint that will wear; that will look best; that is the most economical; that will cover the most surface to the gallon. If you want wear, use MOUND CITY HORSE SHOE PAINT. If you want beauty, use HORSE SHOE PAINT. If you want covering capacity, use HORSE SHOE PAINT and as for economy, you can use HORSE SHOE PAINT and put the difference in the bank.



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\$10.00

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Leave St. Louis. . . . 11:45 a. m.,
Arrive Petoskey 6:25 a. m.,
Bay View at 6:28 a. m.,
We-que-ton-sing 7:22 a. m.,
Harbor Spring 7:25 a. m.

One feature of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer. Purity—by a process originated and patented by us, every bottle is sterilized before it is filled, and pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.

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UNSURPASSED
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ALWAYS AN ACCEPTABLE GIFT.
LARGE VARIETY OF
FANCY BOXES, BASKETS &c
OUR ICE CREAM SODA
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CANNOT BE EQUALLED.
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CANDIES DELIVERED ANYWHERE
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Sales for 1905

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IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

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NO. 3 AT 9:30 A. M.

Through Car Service to Little Rock, Texarkana, Austin, San Antonio, Dallas, Fort Worth, El Paso and Los Angeles, Cal.

NO. 1 AT 2:21 P. M.

For Little Rock, Texarkana and principal intermediate points, making connections for all points in Texas.

NO. 17 AT 9:00 P. M.

MEMPHIS-HOT SPRINGS SPECIAL.—Through Sleepers and chair cars for Little Rock, Hot Springs and Memphis.

NO. 23 AT 7:50 A. M.

Through Cars for points on the Belmont Branch, also for Little Rock.

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Through Sleeping Car for Little Rock, making connections for points on Belmont Branch.

NO. 35 AT 5:31 P. M.

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These Trains will take you to all principal points in Southeast Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Mexico and California.

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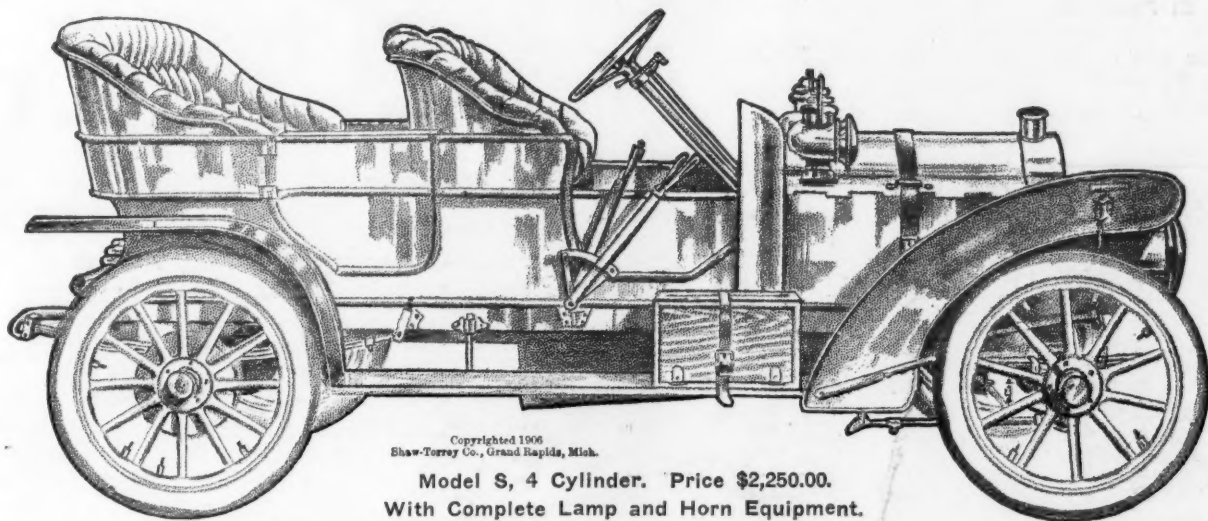
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